

Bonds

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Summary: It is said some lives are linked across time, connected by an ancient calling that echoes through the ages... Hijikata/Okita AU one-shot!

Bonds

Greetings my fellow Hakuouki fans!

This drabble I wrote for LiveJournal community 'shinsenlove' rii_no_ame created (bless her!) for those of us tired of people complaining about how abominable it is to get together two male character when "they have absolutely nothing in common" ... I'd say Hijikata and Okita at least (not to mention Shiranui and Harada) had more interesting relationship with each other than that Chizuru girl...

Anyway, clearly it's plain I don't like her. Nevermind that though, according to reaction I think this turned out pretty good, so please enjoy this little piece written based on a prompt: Hijikat/Okita - reincarnation.

Warning: this piece is M-rated for a reason! Namely male x male smut, though only slight; don't like, don't read!

Disclaimer: Don't own Hakuouki or any of the characters (though I wouldn't say no to Kazama Chikage *_*)

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><p>He knew what he would find even before he had locked his car and left the underground garage for a noisy evening outside, filled with cheers and laughter. And sure enough, the moment he stepped out into the crimson and gold colored apartment backyard, he had to administer a great deal of agility to prevent himself from getting knocked over and stepped on. Fortunately, growing up in his family's dojo, agility

was something he had no problem with. Which couldn't be said for the cause of his now even worse mood.<p>

"I was under the impression you had enough playing around at work." he said, perhaps a bit more harshly than he had intended, for the two children who just almost collided with him looked at him fearfully and retreated.

The man whose legs they used for a hideout stood up from where he was crouching by a tall sakura tree in the middle of the yard, and looked at him. He was tall, his body slender but well-built. Silky, auburn hair flowed round young, peach-colored face alight with an omnipresent mischevious smile curling thin lips.

"Then perhaps you could volunteer yourself, Hijikata-san?" he said, ruffling up messy, black mane of the younger of the two children -a boy- as he peeked out from behind him.

If possible, Hijikata's frown deepened; black brows formed a thin line over narrowed eyes the color of amethysts. The two men were almost the same height, but Hijikata seemed to tower somehow in his perfect, dark suit that must have cost a small fortune. Long, raven hair tied into a ponytail at the back of his head, combined with his serious expression bordering on annoyance gave the impression of a very grumpy secret service agent.

"What?" he spoke in a voice that made the boy hide again, holding his sister's hand.

His companion's emerald eyes flashed with challenge, but he didn't say anything. Instead he crouched, facing the boy and his older sister in turn and whispered something Hijikata couldn't hear. They shot a last, frightened look at him and ran off at once, leaving the two men quite alone, their forms casting lenghtening shadows on the soft ground.

Hijikata did not linger now that the little brats -as he considered everyone under the age of twenty- had gone. He did not want his auburn-haired partner to know he was still haunted by the thing they had discussed so many times already. He realized the man loved children very much, and it became a source of discomfort for Hijikata each time he was reminded that as long as they are together, having children wasn't really an option. If possible he felt even worse when told he won't have to deal with his own dislike for them that way. Hijikata feared one day this may very well become the wedge that could inevitably split them apart; a though that frightened him out of his wits.

Avoiding his gaze to mask the train of his thoughts, Hijikata sighed and walked serenely past the other man, who followed, catching up with him by the elevator.

"Children are our future. We should treasure them, show them the world and open their hearts so that they will grow up to be better people." he said as if he could read his mind, leaning against the elevator wall.

The door closed and the cabin began to move up. "Indeed, such are the views of a teacher." Hijikata noded solemnly, his eyes closed as he ran his fingerst up the root of his nose.

Exposed to the bright light from above, his face looked gaunt and unnaturaly pale. Dark shadows under his now closed eyes and droplets of sweat sprinkled over his forehead, betrayed waves of exhaustion washing over his overworked mind.

In his late twenties Hijikata Toshizou was a successful lawyer. Unwavering in his principles, harsh in his demanded punishments, incorruptible, unstoppable and relentless like a predator stalking its prey until it had nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. The criminal underwold hated him, the people whose vengeance he pursued loved him, and his colleagues and superiors respected him. Outside of the courtroom however, he was just another man. Human like any other, in need of food and sleep, which he deprived himself of during the last few months and it had finally began to take its toll.

"You say like it's a bad thing to have a soft spot for children." The voice brought him back and he realized he had almost dozed off. When violet eyes looked up it was to the smiling green ones.

"You know what I meant." he snapped, again a bit more harshly than he intended.

The elevator came to a halt and they both stepped out into the spacious apartment, dimly lit by the great orb of sun disappearing over rooftops. The sky darkened considerably, the city now looked like the maw of some giant beast yawning, mouth full of sharp teeth stretching as far as an eye could see. And then the lights went on, and the streets and building lit up with so many colors shining brightly against the indigo of the coming night.

It reflected upon Hijikata's austere face as he looked out of the large window, more a glass wall than anything else, coat discarded, long fingers loosening his tie. He felt strong arms wrapping around him from behind, pressure of warm body against his back, and tickle of hot breath on his neck.

"You look like hell, Hijikata-san." came out no more than a whisper in his ear. "I'll make dinner tonight. You rest."

However Hijikata reached to intertwine their fingers over his slim shoulder to stop his lover before he had made to leave, and simply leaned into his warmth, closing his eyes again.

"Souji. Stay." It was an order as well as a plea, and the auburn-haired teacher had no intention of disobeying.

Giou Tatsuha was his name, though he prefered Souji much better, especially from Hijikata's own lips. It was a little kink between them as well as part of the life they shared. The part that was somehow inspired by, and strangely devoted to, the Shinsengumi.

Being a history teacher, Souji knew all about this group of ronins of the late shogunate period, and for Hijikata they were something of a hobby bordering on obsession, perhaps partly due to his parents' naming him after their vice-commander. The Shinsengumi guided his life to this day, led him to the man whose hands now snaked under Hijikata's arms to unbutton his shirt. He remembered their first meeting as if it were yesterday.

Each year in June the grave of Okita Souji of the Shinsengumi had been opened for public, and each year without fail Hijikata Toshizou visited to pay his respects. But one day, three years ago he had met the real thing instead - man honest, polite and good-natured to the people around him, but strict and very quick-tempered teacher to his students. From a distance Hijikata watched first with disapproval, then interest as the tall, auburn-haired Giou Tatsuha shepherded his students through the crowd of people gathering around, listening in as it were to them referring to him as "Souji the Devil" due to his and Okita's similar personalities. He found himself seeing the connection, and the small smile playing with his features as he stood by the shade of a tree must have drawn Souji's attention, for they looked at each other for what felt like hours, and Hijikata felt a sense of déjà vu. Like he had known that man for a lifetime, though he did not even know his real name. Though it did not matter, he never called him anything else but Souji, and Souji himself would not have it any other way.

And from that day on they formed a strong friendship based on mutual passion for the Shinsengumi and history in general, which slowly developed into the intimate relationship they maintained to this day.

Moan of longing filled the room bathing in darkness, coming from one of the silhouettes illuminated by the twinkling lights of the city below them. Reminiscing was over and Hijikata watched their forms reflected in the smooth, glass surface of the window he was now resting his palms against for support, while Souji's touch brought heat and desire to his tired, cold body.

"Looks like it's a little different kind of rest Hijikata-san wants now, isn't it?" Souji's voice felt like a chill along the nape of Hijikata's neck.

There was no need to say a word, his body provided the necessary answer of its own accord. He shivered and gasped to the feeling of strong hand reaching between his legs, his fingers making a soft screeching noise as they curled up against the glass.

Souji massaged the hardened bulge through the dark fabric of his lover's remaining clothes, fully focused on putting Hijikata's pleasure above his own this time. His free hand roamed across the raven-haired man's exposed, slim chest under the laps of his unbuttoned shirt. Muscles underneath the pale, delicate skin moved and shifted with every hitched breath.

"Souji..." came out a single breathless request, and emerald eyes flickered with the mischievous smile curling the man's lips when he consented.

Deft, agile fingers did not take long to wrap around thick, burning arousal, while clothes lay puddled at Hijikata's feet. He groaned and trembled, his breath glazing over the otherwise perfect glass surface; amethyst eyes heavy-lidded, and lips slightly parted. He had forgotten how to think or how to breathe; did not care about such mundane things, only the sweet, sweet strokes of sword-calloused hands working in his lap. It has been so long since Hijikata dared to indulge himself in something like this, there simply wasn't enough time. Not with this big case taking most of his time that could

otherwise be devoted to sleep, food, pleasure and of course training at the dojo. But with that now over at last, he could forget about everything else except the warmth and closeness of his lover's body; the gentleness of his touch and kisses.

More quickly than he would want to and more strongly than he had expected, Hijikata Toshizou crossed the edge with a cry of pleasure mingling together with the sound of Souji's name. He stilled in his lover's arms, jets of thick, milky substance staining the glass of the window in front of them. When he trusted himself enough to raise violet eyes, the reflection of emerald ones welcomed him. Pressing still against his back, Souji reached up to lick the nourishing moisture from his fingers with such luscious pleasure etched onto his face, it ignited renewed wave of arousal in the pit of Hijikata's stomach.

"I knew your taste is the best." murmured Souji contentedly into his raven-haired lover's ear and released him.

Hijikata slid to the ground, his shaking knees no longer able to support him, and when he looked up, Souji's smiling face came into view. With not at all surprising strength, the teacher scooped him up again, and quite oblivious to Hijikata's protests carried him away to take a bath and have something to eat before calling it a day.

Of course the intention was to force him to sleep for at least two days straight to get those bags from under his beautiful eyes, even if Souji had to tie his lover to the bed. Which -he had the funny notion- might be exactly the case.

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><p>As usual, reviews are very much welcome!

End
file.